In Recital

Jody Warwaruk, soprano

assisted by
Roger Admiral, piano

Tuesday, March 30, 1999 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Gia il sole dal Gange (Poet: Felice Parnasso)	Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
Se tu m'ami (Poet: Paolo Antonio Rolli)	Alessandro Parisotti (1853-1913)
Quella fiamma (Poet unknown)	Bendetto Marcello (1686-1739)
Caro mio ben (Poet unknown)	Tommaso Giordani (1730-1806)

Die Forelle, Op. 32 (1817) (Poet: Schubart) Litanei (1816) (Poet: Jacobi) Seligkeit (1816) (Poet: Holty) Gretchan am Spinnrade, Op. 2 (1814) (Poet: Goethe)	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Intermission

Allerseelen , Op. 10, No. 8 (1882-83) (Poet: von Gilm) Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3 (1882-83) (Poet: von Gilm) Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1 (1882-83) (Poet: von Gilm)	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
From The Arnold Book of Old Song (1947) Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes (18th century English melody, poet: Johnson) Ye banks and braes (Old Scottish Melody, poet: Burns) Over the Mountains (Old English melody, poet: Percy)	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
From *La Boheme* (1896) Mi chiamano Mimi From *Gianni Schicchi* (1918) O mio babbino caro	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Warwaruk.

Ms Warwaruk is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate).

This recital is dedicated to the memory of her father Matt Warwaruk (1933-1997).

Translation

Gia il sole dal Gange/The sun from the Orient
Already the sun sparkles in the East
more brightly and dries every drop of the weeping dawn.
With a gilded ray it adorns every blade of grass with dew,
and it paints the stars of the sky in the field.

Se tu m'ami/If you love me
If you love me, if you sigh only for me, kind shepherd
I feel sorrow for your suffering;
I feel pleased that you love me.
But if you think that I must love only you, little shepherd,
you are easily subject to self-deception.
Today Silvio chooses a beautiful red rose,
but with the excuse that the thorns prick,
he will despise it tomorrow.
The advice of men, I myself won't follow.
Just because the lily pleases me, I won't despise the
other flowers.

Quella fiamma/Flames within me
My joyful ardor,
whether near or far distant from thee I tarry,
Unchangd and constant ever
For thee, O my beloved, shall languish never.
That flame which sets me on fire pleases my soul so much
that it will never be extinguished,
and if fate returns me to you,
lovely rays of the beautiful sun,
my soul does not desire any other light
nor will it ever want any other.

Caro mio ben/Ah, dearest love
My dearest beloved, believe me at least,
without you my heart languishes.
Your faithful one always sighs;
cruel one, cease so much punishment.

Die Forelle/The Trout
In a clear brooklet, in lively haste,
the wayward trout flashed arrow-like by.
Standing on the bank, contentedly I watched
the jolly little fish swimming the clear brook.

An angler, with rod, stood on the bank,
cold-bloodedly noting the fish's twists and turns.
As long as the water remains so clear, I thought,
he'll never take the trout with his rod.

But at last the thief tired of waiting.
Artfully he muddied the brooklet,
and the next moment, a flick of the rod
and there writhed the fish;
and I, with blood boiling, looked at the deceived one.

Litanei/Litany
Rest in peace, all souls who, anxious torment done,
and sweet dreams ended, weary of life, scarcely born,
are departed from this world: all souls rest in peace!

And who, never rejoicing in the sun,
kept watch on thorns under the moon
to see God in Heavens' pure light, face to face, one day:
all who have departed hence, all souls, rest in peace!

Seligkeit/Bliss
Joys without number bloom in Heaven's hall
for angels and transfigured, as our father taught.
Oh, there would I be, and rejoice eternally!

Sweetly upon all smiles a heavenly bride;
harp and psalter sound, and all dance and sing.
Oh, there would I be, and rejoice eternally!

Here I'll rather stay if Laura look my way
and give a look that says I've to lament no more.
Blissful then with her, I'll stay ever here!

Gretchan am Spinnrade/Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel
My peace is gone, my heart is sore,
never shall I find peace ever more.
Where he is not, there is my grave,
all the world to me is gall.
My poor head is crazed,
my poor wits destroyed.
Only for him I gaze from the window,
only for him I go from the house.
His superior walk, his noble air,
his smiling mouth, his compelling eyes
And his words their magic flow
the press of his hand, and ah, his kiss!
My heart craves for him,
Oh, to clasp and to hold,
and kiss him just as I liked,
and in his kisses pass away!

Allerseelen/All Souls
Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
bring in the last red asters, and let us speak of love again,
as once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
if people see, I do not care:
give me but one of your sweet looks,
as once in May

Each grave today has flowers, is fragrant,
for one day of the year the dead are free,
come close to my heart, and so be mine again,
as once in May.

Die Nacht/Night
Night steps from the wood, slips softly from the trees,
gazes about her in a wide arc, now beware.

All this world's lights, all flowers, all colours
she extinguishes, and steals the sheaves from the field.

All that is fair she takes, the silver from the stream,
from the cathedral's copper roof the gold.

Plundered stands the bush, draw closer, soul to soul;
oh, the night, I fear, will steal you, too, from me.

Zueignung/Dedication
Yes, dear soul, you know away from you I'm in torment,
love makes hearts sick, have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom, held high the amethyst goblet
and you blessed that draught, have thanks.

And you drove out from it the evil ones,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart, have thanks!

Mi chiamano Mimi/They call me Mimi
Yes... They call me Mimi, but my real name is Lucia.
My story is brief; on linen or on silk
I do embroidery at home and outside.
I am quiet and cheerful and my hobby
is making lilies and roses.
Those things give me pleasure which have
so much sweet charm,
which speak of love, of springtimes,
which speak of dreams and of fantasies
those things which are called poetry.
Do you understand me?

They call me Mimi. Why, I don't know.
Alone, I make meals at home by myself.
I do not always go to mass
but I pray a great deal to the Lord.
I live alone all alone
there, in a clean little room;
I look out on the rooftops and the sky.
But when the spring thaw comes the early sun is mine...
the first kiss of April is mine!
A rose blooms in a vase...
petal by petal I watch over it!
How delicate, the scent of a flower!
But the flowers that I make, alas,
do not have fragrance!

I would not know how to tell you anything else about me.
I am your neighbor
who comes unexpectedly to interrupt you.

O mio babbino caro/Oh my dear daddy
Oh my dear daddy,
he pleases me; he is handsome!
I want to go to Porta Rossa to buy the right!
Yes, I want to go there!
And if I should love him in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio,
but in order to throw myself into the Arno!
I am feeling tortured and tormented!
Oh God, I should like to die!
Daddy, have pity!